

*The Constable's Trip from Turn-Stile to Hicks's Hall*

**W**ithin the space of less than half a Mile  
 From that most noted, and as antient, Stile,  
 Where People are made Deaf by *Crispin's* Crews,  
 In bawling out, *Sir, do you want new Shoes?*  
 And by the End of which great Thorough-fare  
 Villains to *Tyburn* Monthly do repair:  
 A busie Constable, they say, do's dwell,  
 Whom many of his Neighbours wish in Hell,  
 Because he's very Saucy, Impudent,  
 Ambitious, Prodigal, and Insolent.  
 We don't deny, but that it is his Right  
 To be sole Monarch or the King of Night;  
 But when his Pride assumes to rule by Day,  
 We are not bound his Precepts to obey:  
 He long hath aim'd to be a Magistrate,  
 But, like an Almanack that's out of Date,  
 Good Men of Reputation do not mind  
 The Wiles which *Cod's-head* had for Fame design'd;  
 His Betters will not Fame on him bestow,  
 Who really do's not Law nor Gospel know;  
 And as h'as but of Honesty a Sketch,  
 His Conscience really wou'd like *Leather* stretch.  
 This Fellow, truly, very well may pass  
 Was you to see his Ears, *Sir*, for an Ass;  
 'Tis true that *Clod-pate* do's to Sence pretend,  
 And wou'd the Common-wealth of Wit defend,  
 But was we to Anatomize the Dunce,  
 Brains in his Head we shou'd not find an Ounce.  
 As for his long *Staff*, how he uses that,  
 And when, and where, and how, and why, and what,  
 I know not; but with short *Staff* this same Whisk  
 In Morning Gown will statley strut and frisk  
 From *Dan* to *Beersheba* that Folks might see  
 A foppish *Coxcomb* in Authority.  
 In Conversation he is gravely dull,  
 Which makes his head of Emptiness so full,  
 And if you talk to him of that that's fine,  
 'Tis just like casting precious Pearls to Swine,  
 No *Owl* e'er look'd with better Grace and Air,  
 Then this same *Constable*, when in his Chair,  
 With all his Drones about him in the Night,  
 Where he in Booze and Snoring takes delight.  
 In Pressing Times he was a busie Elf,  
 In sending Men where he durst not himself  
 Attempt to go, least he shou'd loose his Blood  
 In doing for his Queen and Country, Good:  
 But yet a Trip to take it was his Fate,  
 From *Great Turn-Stile* to *Hicks's-Hall* of late,  
 Where by that Bench a mighty Thing was wrought,  
 A saucy Fop they to good Manners brought.

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